The lyf so short the craft so long to lerne
Thassaye so hard so sharp the conquerynge
The dredful ioye that alway flit so yerne
All this mene I by loue that my felynge
Astoneth with his wonderful werkynge
So sore ywis that when I on hym thinke
Nat I wel whether that I flete or synke

For al be that I knowe not loue in dede
Ne wote how he quyteth folk their hyre
Yet happeth me ful ofte in bookes rede
Of his myracles and his cruel yre
There fynde I wel he wil be lord & syre
I dare not saye his strokis ben so sore
But god saue suche a lord I can no more

Of vsage what for lust & what for lore
On bookes rede I ofte as I you tolde
But wherfore I speke al this not yore
Agon / it happed me to beholde
Upon a boke was writen with letres olde
And there vpon a certayn thing to lerne
The longe daye ful fast I redde & yerne

For out of olde feldes as men seith
Cometh al this newe corn from yere to yere
And out of olde bookes in goode seith
Cometh al this newe science that men lere
But now to purpose of this matere
To rede forth I gan me so delite
That al the day me thought it but a lyte

This book the whiche I make of mencion
Entitled was right thus as I shal telle
Tullius of the dreme of scipyon
Chapitres seuen it hadde of heuen & helle
And erthe, and soules that therin dwelle
Of the whiche as shortly as I can trete
Of his sentence I wil you say the grete

Fyrst telleth it whan scipion was comen
In affrike, how he meteth massynys
That hym for ioye in armes hath ynome
Than telleth he her speche and al the blys
That was bitwen them, til pat day gan mys
And how his auncestre affrican so dere
Cam in his slepe that nyght to hym appere

Than telleth it that from a stevery place
How affrican hath hym cartage sheldy
And warnedy hym by fove al of his grace
And saidy hym what may leredy or leldy
That loueth comyn prouffyt wel y the wedy
He sholdy in to a blissful place wende
Ther as ioye is with outen ony ende

Than asliedy he yf folk that here ley dede
Haue lyf and dwellyng in another place
And affrican sayd ye with outen ony drede
And how our present worldis lyues space
Is but a maner deth what way we trace
And rightful folk shal goo after they dye
To heuene and shelde hym the galaxye

Thenne shelde he hym ỳ lityl erthe ỳ here is
At the regarde of the heuens quantyte
And after shelwedy he hym the nyne speris
And after that the melodye herdy he
That cometh of thilke sperys thries thre
That wellis of musyk ley and melodye
In this worldy here cause of armonye

Thenne sayd he hym/ fyr the erthe was so lyte
And ful of torment/ and of hardy grace
That he ne sholdy hym in this worldy delice
Thenne told he hym in certayn yeris space
That euery steere sholde come in to his place
Ther it was first/ & shuld be out of mynde
That in this world is dy of al mankynde

Thenne praide hym scipion to tel hym alle
The way to come vnto that heuen blisse
And he hym said first knowe thi self mortal
And loke ay busyly that thou werk & wisse
To comyn prouffit/ & thou shalt not mysse
To comen swiftly in to that place dere
That ful of Joye is/ and of solles clere

But brekers of the lawe soth to sayne
And lecherous folk/ after they ben dede
Shal whirle aboute the world in payne
Til many a world be passed out of drede
And thenne forgyuen al their wicked dede
Thenne shal they come to that blissful place
To which to come/ god the sende his grace

The day gan fayllen and the derk nyghte
That reueth bestes from her besynesse
Biraste me my book/for lak of lighte
And to my bedd I gan me for to dresse
Fulfylld of thoughte and hey heuynes
For bothe I had thinges/Whiche that I nolde
And eek I ne had the thinge that I wolde

But fynally my spirite at the laste
For Wery of my labour al the day
Toke reste/that made me to slepe faste
And in my slepe I mette as I laye
How affricane/right in the self araye
That Scipion hym salde/byfore that tyde
Was come and stode right by my bedd side

The Wery hunter slepyng in his bedde
To the Wood agayn his mynde goth anone
The Juge dremeth/how his plees ben spedd
The carter dremeth/how his cartis gone
The rich of gold ꝑ knyght fight With his foo
The seke metith he drynketh of the tonne
The louer metith he hath his lady Wonne

Cay I not saye/ yf the cause were
For I was ny of affraay before;
That made me to mete that he stode there
But thus saidy he thou hast the so wel bory
In lokyng of myn old bookes to bory
Of the whiche/macrobie wyght not a lite
That somdele/ of thy labour I wil the quyte

Citherea thou blisful lady swete
That with thy fyrebrȝd daunte whom ỹ lest
Andy madest me this swouey for to mete
Be thou my help in this for thou maist best
As wisly/as I salbe the nozth nozth weste
Whan I began my swouey for to wryte
So gyue me myght to ryme it and endite

This forsaid affraay me hente anone
Andy forth with hym to a yate me brought
Right of a parke walled with grete stone
And on ỹ yate/ with krēs large ywrought
There were verses wreton/as me thought
On tyther half/of ful grete difference
Of whiche I shal you telle the playn sentēce

Thurgh me men go in to that blissful place
Of hertis hele and dedly Wondes cure
Thurgh me men gon vnto Welle of grace
There grene and lusty may shal euer endure
This is the Waye to alle goody auenture
Be glad thou redere and thy sorow of caste
Alle opey any I passe in and spede the faste

Thurgh me men gon thene spak he other side
Vnto mortal strokes of the spere
Of Whiche disdaygh & daunger is the gyde
Ther neuer tree shal fruyt ne leuys bere
This streme you ledeth to the sorowful Were
There as the fysshe in prysoy is al drye
The scheldyngh is only the remedye

Thise Verses of gold & black ywreton Were
The Whiche I gan a stounde to biholde
For With that one entreatyd ay my fere
And With that other began my herte to holde
That one me hete that other me colde
None inWytte had I for errour for to chese
To entre or fle or me to saue or lese

For right as betwene adamantes two
Of euery myght/a pece of yron sette
Ne hath no myght/to meue to ne fro
For what that one may hale/that other lette
So farid I/that nyst whether me was bette
To entre/or leuey/til affrian my gyde
Me hente/and schof in at the gates side

And saidy it stondes writon in thy face
Thyn eyen our yf thou telle it not to me
But drede the not/to come in to this place
For this brytynge is not ment by the
Ne by none/but yf he loues seruant be
For thou of loue hast lost the taste I gesse
As sekeman hath/of swete and bitternesse

But neuertheles al yf that thou be dull
Yf that thou any not do/yet may thou see
For many a may þ may not stande apull
Yet liketh to him/at wrastlyng for to be
And demeth yet whether he do better or he
And yf thou haddest comynge for tendite
I schold the shewe mater of to wryte

With that my honde in his he toke anone
Of whiche I comfort caught/& went in faste
But lordy so I was glad/and wele begone
For al ouerwhere that I myn eyen caste
Were trees clady with leef þ ay shal laste
Eche in his kinde with colour fresh & grene
As emeraude/that Joye it was to sene

The hyldar oke/and eke the hardy ashe
The piler elme/the cofre vnto carayn
The boxtre pyper holin to whyppes lasshe
The saylyng fyre/þ cypresse deth to playne
The shoter elue/the aspe for shaftis playn
The olyue of pees/and eke the dronkin vyne
The victour palme/the laurer to deuine

A gardyn salue I ful of blossome bowes
Vpon a ryuer in a grene mede
There as swetnes euermore y nowh is
Of flouris. white. blewe. yelowe. & rede
And colde welle stremes nothing dede
That swymmen ful of smale fisshes light
With fynnes rede/& scales siluer bright

On euery bough the birdes herde I ſynge
With lays of aungellis in her armonye
Some beſied them their birdes forth to bringe
The litil conyes to their playe gay hye
And further al aboute I gan aſpye
The dredeful roo the buk the herte and hinde
Squerels and ſmale beſtis of gentil kynde

On Inſtrumentis of ſtrenges in accorde
Herde I ſo pleye a rauyſſhyng ſweetenes
That godly that maker is of alle and lord
Ne herde neuer better as I geſſe
Ther with a voice emmethe it myght be leſſe
Made in the leuis greene a noyſe ſofte
Acordyng to the foules ſong a lofte

The ayer of the place ſo attempre was
That neuer was greuance of hete ne cold
Ther was eke euery holſome ſpice and gras
Ne noman may there weye ſeke ne old
Yet was ther Joye more a thouſand fold
Then any mā can telle ne neu wold it might
But ay clere day to any mannes ſight

Vnder a tree beſyde a Welle I ſaye
Cupide our lorde his awdes forge & fyle
And at his feet his bowe alredy laye
And whylle his doughter ſeprede al ỹ while
The heedes in the Welle and with hir bile
She touched them after they ſhuld ſerue
Some for to ſlee & ſome to Wounde & kerue

Thꝛ I was Ware of pleſaunce anon ryght
And of aray and of luſt and curtaſye
And of ỹ craft ỹ can and hath the myght
To do by force a Wight to do folye
Dyſfygurate Was ſhe I Wil not lye
And by hym ſelf Vnder an oke I geſſe
Alle I delyte that ſtode by gentileſſe

I ſalle belde With outen ony abyde
And pougthe ful of game and Jolyte
Fole hardynes flaterie and deſire
Meſſagery and mede and other thre
Theyr names ſhal not her be told for me
And vpon pilers grete of Jaſper longe
I ſalle a temple of bras ỹfounde ſtronge

Aboute the temple dammisedy alday
Dameys ynoghe of whiche some ther were
Fayr of them self & some of hem were gay
In kyrtelys al dissheueld went they there
That was theyr office alday yere by yere
And on the temple of duues whyt & fayr
Sawe I sytting many a thousandy payr

Before the temple wore sul sobrely
Dame pees sat with a cartayn in her hond
And by her side wonder discretly
Dame pacience sytting there I fonde
With face pale vpon on hilk of fonde
And alderneyt with in and eke without
Eyhest and arest and of their folk a rowte

Within the temple of syghes hote as fire
I herde a sowgh that gan aboute renne
Whiche sighes were engendrid with desire
That made euery auter for to brenne
Of newe flame and wel espied I thenne
That all pcausis of sorowes that they drye
Comen of the bitter goddesse Jalousye

The godʒ priapus ſaſſ J as J wente
Within the temple in ſouerayn place ſtonde
In ſuche array as whan the aſſe hym ſhente
With arye by nyght & with his ſceptre t hõde
Ful beſily myn gun aſſaye and fonde
Upon his hede to ſette of ſondry helbe
Garlondes ful of freſſh floures nelbe

And in a preuy cozner in diſporte
Fonde J venus/and her pert richeſſe
That was ful noble/and hautein of her porte
Derk was ỹ place but afterward ligtneſſe
J ſalbe a ſtil vmethe it myght be leſſe
And on a bedʒ of goldʒ ſhe laye to reſte
Til that the hote ſonne yede to the weſte

Her gilt heris with a goldʒ threde
Y bounden were vntreſſidʒ as ſhe laye
And nakedʒ fro the breſt vnto the hede
Myn myght her ſee & ſothly for to ſaye
The remenant wel couerd to my paye
Right with a ſubtil couerchef of valence
Ther was no thykker cloth of defence

The place gaf a thousandy sauours sote
And bacchus godd of Wyn sat by hem syde
And ceres next that doth of hunger bote
And as I salde amyddes laye cupide
To Wom on knees two yong folk cryde
To hem their helpe but thus I lete hem lye
And ferther in the temple I gan espie

That in despite of dyane the chaste
Ful many a bolde brokey hengy on the Wal
Of maydens suche as gan hem tyme Waste
In her seruyse and paynted oueral
Ful many a storye Whiche I touche shal
A selde as of alcestee and athalante
And many a one of Whiche the name I Wate

Semyramis/candace/and hercules
Tibelle/dido/tesbe/and piramus
Tristram/ysolde/paris/ and achilles
Helayne/cleopatre/and troylus
Silla/ and eke the moder of romulus
All these Were paynted on that other syde
And all their loue & in What plite they dyde

Whan I was comen agayn in to the place
That I of spak that was so swete and grene
Forth wekke I tho/my self to solace
Ther was I war/wher ther sat a quene
That as the light somer sonne shene
Passeth the sterre/right so ouer mesure
She fayrer was than ony creature

And in a lawnde vpon a hil of flouris
Was set this noble goddesse nature
Of braunchis wer her hallis & bowris
Y wrought after her tast and hir mesure
Ne ther was foule that cometh of engendrure
That they ne were prest in her presence
To take their dome/and gyue hir audience

For this was on seynt Valentyns day
Whan euery birde cometh te chese his make
Of euery kynde/that men thynke may
And that so huge a noyse gan they make
That erthe & tree/and see & euery lake
So ful was/that vnnethe was ther space
For me to stonde/so ful was the place

Ther myght men alwey in the playnē of kynde
Deuyse of nature of suche araye & shape
In suche array men myght her there fynde
This noble empresse ful of grace
Bad euery foule to take her owen place
As they were wont alway fro yere to yere
On seynt Valentyns day to stonde there

That is to saye the foule of Fauyne
Were hyghest set & then the foules smale
That eche as hem nature wold enclyne
As worm or thing of whiche I telle no tale
And waterfoule sat lowest in the dale
But foules that lyue by seed sat on ꝑ grene
And that so fele that wonder was to sene

There myght men the rial egle fynde
That with his sharp loke perceth the sōne
And other egles of a lower kynde
Of whiche that clerkys wel deuysen conne
There was ꝑ tyrant with his fetheres donne
And grene I mene ꝑ gosshauke ꝑ doth pyne
To birdes for his outrageous rauyne

The gentil falcon ꝑ with his feet diſtreineth
The kynges hundy the hardy ſperehauke eke
The quayles foo the merlion that peyneth
Hym ſelf ful ofte the larke for to ſeke
There was the doune with hir eyen meke
The Jelouſe ſwan a gayn his deth ꝑ ſyngeth
The owle eke that of deth ꝑ bodeworde bringeth

The crane the geant with his trōpes ſolone
The theef the chough & eke the Janglig pye
The ſkornyng Jaye the egles foo hir wolone
The fals lapwynk ful of trechetye
The ſtare that the counceil can bewraye
The tame ruddok andy the colbardy lyte
The cok the orloge of the thorpes lyte

The ſparow venus ſone the nyghtyngale
That clepeth forth the grene leues newe
The ſwalow mortherer of the foules ſmale
That maken houy of floures freſſh of hewe
The wedded turtil with her trewe
The pecok with his aungellis fethers bright
The fesaunt ſkorner of the cok by nyght

The Walker goos/the cuckow euer vnkynde
The popengay full of ielousye
The drake/ stroyer of his owen kynde
The stork Wrekar of aduoultrye
The hote cormerant ful of glotonye
The rauens & crowes with their voys of enuye
The thoostil olde/and the frosty feldfare

What shold I saye of follis of euy kynde
That in this World haue feithers & stature
Men myght in that place assemblid fynde
Before the noble goddes of nature
And eche of hem dide his besy cure
Benygnly to chese or for to take
By her accord his fourmel or his make

But to the poynt nature held on her honde
A fourmele egle of shap the gentilleste
That euer she amonge her Werkis fonde
The most benygne/and the goodlyeste
In her Was euery vertu at his reste
As ferforth/ þ nature her self had blisse
To folke on hez/and ofte her best gan kysse

Nature the Vicaire of thalmyghty lorde
That hote + colde + heuy + lyghte + moyst a dreye
Hath knytte by euery nombre and by accorde
In esy loys begay to speke and seye
Foulis take kepe of my sentence I preye
And for youz ese in furthzyng of youz nede
As fast as I maye speke I Wil you spede

Ye knowen Wel how that seynt Valẽtines day
By my statute and thurgh my gouernãce
Ye come for to chese and fle your Way
With youz make as I prik you With plesãce
But neuertheles my rightful ordenance
May I not lette for al this World to Wynne
That he that is most Worthy shal begynne

The tercel egle as ye that knowen Wele
The foule Ryal abouen you in degre
The Wyse the Worthy secrete trWe as stele
The Whiche I formedy as ye may see
In euery point as it best liketh me
Hit nedeth not his shap you to deuyse
He shal first chese and speken in his gyse

And after hym by ordre shal ye chese
After your kynde/euerich as you liketh
And as your hap is/shal ye rhymme or lese
But whiche of you/ꝑ loue moost entriketh
God sende hem hez/that sorest for him siketh
And thez with al/the tercel gay she calle
And said my sone the choyse is to the falle

But nauertheles on this condicion
Mote be the choys/of euerich that is here
That she agree to his electiõn
Who so he be that shal be her fere
This is our vsage/alwaye yeve by yere
And who so may haue at this tyme his gre
Ay blisful tyme he come in to this place

With hede enclined & with ful humble chere
This tiral tercel spack and taried nought
Vnto my souerayn lady/and not my fere
I chees and chese with wil hez & thought
The souzmel on youz hand so wel y wrought
Whos I am al/and euer shal her serue
So what hez lyst to do me lyue or sterue

Beseching her of mercy and of grace
As she that is my lady souerayne
Or late me dye present in this place
For certes longe I may not lyue in payne
For in my herte conuey is euery rayne
And hauyng verdary only to my trouthe
My dere herte haue of my woo some routhe

And yf I be founde to her vntrewe
Disobeysant or wilful negligent
Outawter/or in processe loue anewe
I pray to/god this be my Jugement
That with thise soules I be al to rent
That ylke day/that euer she me fynde
To her vntrewe/or in my gylt vnkynde

And sith that none loueth her so wel as I
Al be that she neuer of loue me beherte
Then ought she be myn thurgh her mercy
For other bonde can I none on her knytte
Me neuer for none other shal I lette
To louen her/how ferre so that she wende
Saye what you liste/my tale is at an ende

Right as the fressh rede wose nelbe
Agayn the somer some colourdy is
Right so for shame/al Weyen gay the helbe
Of this fourmel/Whan she herd al this
She neyther answerdy Wel/ne said amys
So sore abasshid Was she/til that nature
Saydy doughter/drede you not/ I you assure

Another tersel egle spack anone
Of holber kynde and said that shuld not be
I loue her better/than ye do by seynt Johy
Or at the leste/ I loue as Wele as ye
And lenger haue serued her in my degre
And yf she shold loue/for longy louyng
To me allone shold bey the guerdonyng

I dare eke saye yf she me fynde fals
Unkynde Janglez/or rebelle in ony Wyse
Or Jelouse/do me hange by the hals
And but I here me in her seruyse
As Wele as my Wytte can me suffyse
Fro poynt to poynt her honour for to saue
Take she my lyf/andy al the good I haue

The thirde tercel egle and Wendy tho
Wold fires ye sene the lityl leyser here
For euery foule crieth out to ben ago
Forth With his make/or With his lady dere
And eke nature hir self/ne Wil not here
For tarryenge/not half that I Wolde seye
And but I speke/I muste for sorWe deye

Of longe seruyse auaunt I me nothinge
But as possible is me to deye this daye
For Woo/as he that hath be languyssh yng
This tWenty yere/and Wel it happen maye
A man to serue lette/and more to paye
In half a yere/al yf it Were nomore
Than som̄ men doo/þ haue serued ful yore

I say not this by me/for I ne am
To no seruyse/that may my lady plese
But I dar saye/I am hir treWest man
As to my dome/and faynest Wold hir plese
At short Wordes/til that deth me sese
I Wil ben heris/Whether I Wake or Wynke
And treWe in al that hert may thynke

Of al my lyf / ſith firſt that I was bore
So gentil plee in loue or other thing
Ne herd I neuer / ne nonay me biſore
Who that hadȝ leyzer and comynȝ
For to reherce their cheve and ſpekynȝ
And from the morȝ / gan their ſpeche laſt
Til vnnethardȝ vonte the ſonne vondez faſt

The noyſe of foulis for to be delyuerdȝ
So loude vonge / haue doȝ / and late vs vonde
That vel I vonde the vode had alto ſhyuerd
Come of / they cryedȝ / alas ye vil vs ſhende
Vhan ſhal your curſid pletinȝ haue ay ende
Holb ſholdȝ a Juge eyther partye leue
For ye or nay vithoutey ony preue

The goos the doke and the cukko alſo
Crydey kekke, kekke cucko, quekke, quekke hye
That thurgh myn eris the noyſe vonte tho
The goos ſaidȝ al this is not vorth a flye
But I ary ſhape hevf a remedye
And I vil ſaye my verdyte fair & ſvythe
For vaterfoule vho ſo be vroth or blythe

And I for Wormfolde, said ỳ lewd ateliolle
For I Wil of myn owen auctorite
For comyn spede, take on me ỳ charge nolle
For to delyuer hs, hit Were grete charite
Ye may abide a Wyle yet parde
Saidy the turtil, yf it be your Wille
A Wight may speke, hym Were better be style

I am a sede foule one of vnWorthyest
That Wote I Wel and litel of commyng
But better is that a Wyght is tongy rest
Than entermete them of suche doyngy
Of Whiche they nether rede can ne synge
And Who so doth, ful folde him self ackoyeth
For offyce vncõmyttyd, ful ofte anoyeth

Nature Which that alWay hadi an ere
To murmur of the leWdnes by kynde
With sacõdelois saide holde youz tõgis there
And I shal sone I hope a counceyl synde
You to delyuer, and fro this noyse vnbynde
I charge of euery folk, that ye one alle
To saye the Verdyt, for you folbles alle

Assentidy Were to this concluſion
The birdes alle/and the foules of Pauyne
Haue chosen fyrſt/by playn election
The tercelet of the faulcon to diſtryne
Alle her sentence/and as hym lyſt termyne
Andy to nature/hym gyne presente
And ſhe accepte hym Wyth glady entente

The tercelet ſaidy thenne in this maneve
Ful hardy Were it to preuey by reſon
Who loueth beſt this gentil fouzmel here
For euerich hath ſuche replecacion
That by ſkylles may none be brought douz
I ony not ſee that argumentis auaylle
Thenne ſemeth it Wele/thez muſt be batayll

Alle redy quod these tercelis egles tho
May ſires ſaidy he/yf I durſt it ſaye
Ye to me Woonge/my tale is not al dod
For ſires take ye not to greef I you pray
Thé may not gon as ye Wold in this Way
Oure is the Woys that haue the chargge on hõde
Andy to the Juges domes ye mote ſtonde

And therfore pees I saye/as to my Wytte
Me Wold thynke/hou that the Worthyeste
Of knyghthode/and lengeste hadh vsed it
Most of estate/of blood the gentilleste
Were sittyng for her/yf that her leste
And of thise thre/she Wote her self I trolle
Who that he be/for it is ethe to knolle

The Waterfolles haue her hedes leydh
To gedre/and of short auysement
Whan euerych hadh his large golye seydh
They seydeh sothly al by one assent
Holde that the goos With her faconde gent
That she desiredh to pronoñce our nede
Shal tel our tale/& praye to god her spede

And for these Waterfolles/tho began
The goos to speke in her kakelyng
She said pees/nolde take kepe euery man
And herkne Whiche a reson I shal forth bring
My Witte is sharp/I loue no taryeng
I saye I rede hym though he Were my brother
But she Wil loue hym late hym loue another

Lo here a mannes reson of a goos
Quod the sperhauke/nauer mote she the
Lo suche is hit to haue a wonge loos
Mor parde fool/yet were it bet for the
Haue hold thy pes/than shedde thy nyece
Hit lyeth not in his wit/ne in his wille
But soth is sayd/a fole any not be styll

The laughter vose of gentil foules alle
And right anon the seed formel chosen hadde
The turtle trewe/and gan hir to hym calle
And praid hir to saye/the soth sadde
Of this matere/and asked what she redde
And she answerd that pleynly hir entente
She wold declare/and sothly what she mente

Nay god forbede/a lover sholde change
The turtle said/and they for shame al rede
Yf that his lady/ euermore be strange
Yet late hym serue hir euer/til he be dede
For sothe I preyse not the gooses rede
For yf she deyde/I wolde none other make
I wolde be hers/til that the deth me take

Wele bourded qd̄ the doke by my hatte
That men ſholde alway louen cauſeles
Who can a reſon fynde or witte in that
Dauiſeth he mery be that is myrthles
Who ſhold reche that is reckeles
Ye quelke ſaid the doke ful wele and ſayr
Ther ben mo ſterres god wote than a payr

Wold fye chorle qd̄ the gentil tercelet
Out of ỹ dongyl can that word ful right
Thou can not ſee whiche thing is wel beſet
Thou fariſt by loue/as owle doth by light
The day them blindes wel they ſee by nyght
Thy kynde is of ſo lowe wrechednes
That what loue is thou can not ſee ne geſſe

Tho gan the cuckow put hym forth in prees
For ſothes that eten wormes & ſaid by lyue
So J qd̄ he may haue my make in pes
J recke neuer how long that ye ſtryue
Late eche of hem be ſoleyn al their lyue
This is my rede ſith they may not acorde
This ſhort leſſon nedeth not to recorde

Ye haue the globoys filled ȳ now his paunche
Thay ar be beste saidȝ the merlion
Thou monstrous of the heysug on the braunche
That brought the forth thou wilful globoy
Lyue thou soleyn wormes corupsion
For no force is of lak of thy nature
So lelld be ȳ whiles this world may dure

Now pees saidȝ nature I comande here
For I haue herdȝ alle your oppynyon
Andȝ massay yet ar we neuer the nere
But fynally this is my conclusion
That she her self shal haue the election
Of whomȝ her list who so be wroth or blithe
Hym that she chese shal her haue as swythe

For sith it may not here discussedȝ be
Who loueth her best as saidȝ the tercelet
Therme shal I do this fauour to her that she
Shal haue right hym on whomȝ her herte is set
And he her that his herte hath on her knet
This Juge I nature for I may not lye
To none estate I haue none other eye

But as for counceyl for to chese a make
Yf it were reson/ therme wolde I
Counceyl you the ryal tercel take
As said the tercelet ful skilfully
As for the gentileste and moste worthy
Whom I haue wrought so wel to my plesaūce
That to you ought haue ben a suffysaunce

With dredeful ioys ỳ formele hir aūswerde
My right ful lady goddesse of nature
Soth it is that I am vnder your yerde
And muste be youris while my lif may dure
And so muste be euerych ylk a creature
And therfore graunte me my first bone
And myn entent/ I wil you saye right sone

I graunt it you qd̄ she ꝑ right anone
This formele egle spake in this degre
Al myghty quene vnto this yere be done
I aske respyte for to aduyse me
And after that/ to haue my choyse fre
This is al ꝑ som̄e/ that I wil speke ꝑ seye
Ye gete no more al yf ye do me deye

I will not feyne thereto me aspide
Bycause als yet by no maner of Way
Coud I perceyue it may noy other Mayes bestide
Quod nature here is nomore to saye
Thenne Wist I that these foules were aWay
Eche With his make for tarying longer here
Andy saidy hem thus as ye shal after here

To you spelle I ye tercelles quod nature
Ber ye of good herte and serue ye al thre
Ayere is not so longe to endure
Andy ylke of you peyne hym ny his degre
For to do Wele for gody Wote quyt is she
For you this yere What after so befalle
This entermesse is dressidy for you alle

And Wha this Werk al broghe Was to ande
To euery foule nature gaf his make
By euery accorde andy on their Way they Wede
Andy lordy the blisse andy Joye they make
Ech of hem gan other ny Wynges take
And With her neckis eche gan other Winde
Honoring aWay the noble goddes of kinde

But fyrſt there chefey/ſolles for to ſyngē
As yere by yere Was alWay hēr vſance
To ſyngē a roundel at hēr departyng
To do nature honour laude and pleſance
The note I trolde made Was in france
The Wordes Were ſuche as ye may here fynde
The neyt Yere/as I nolde haue in mynde

Que bien ayme/tarde oublie
And With ỳ ſhoutyng/Whan ỳ ſoug Was do
That ſolles made at hēr flighē alday
I Woke/and ỳ othēr lokes woke me to
To rede vpon/and yet I redy alWay
I hope yWis to rede ſo ſom̄e day
That I ſhal mete ſom̄e thinge for to fare
The letter/and thus to rede I Wil not ſpare

Explicit the temple of bras

Here neyt folofeth a tretyſe/Whiche Johñ Gloꝛian Sente vnto the lordes and gentil men of the kynges houſe/exortyng them to loſe no tyme in theyr youghthe/ but to vſe vertues.

My noble sonne/and also my lordes dere
I your fader calleth vnbarthely
Sende vnto you/this lytyl tretyse here
Direct with my hande/ful rudely
And though it be/that I not reuerently
Haue wreten to your estates/I you praye
Myn vncommynge take it benygnely
For goddes sake/and herkine what I saye
I complayne what I remembre me
The sodein age/that is vpon me falle
More I compleyne/my myspent Iuuente
Whiche is impossible agayn for to calle
But certaynly/the most complaynt of alle
Is to thenke/that I haue ley so nyce
That I ne wolde vertues to me calle
In al my yougthe/but vyces ay cherysse
Of wylke I aske mercy of the lordy
That art almyghty god in mageste
Be sechynge the to make so euen accorde
Betwene the and my sowle/that vanyte
Worldly lust nor blynde prosperyte
Haue no lordship/of my flessh so freel
The lord of vertue & parfight vnyte

Put fro me vices/ for my sobles hel
And gyue me myght while I haue lyf & space
Me to conforme fully to thy plesaunce
Shelde vpon me the habundaunce of thy grace
In good werkis grante me perseueraunce
Of al my yougthe forgete the ygnoraunce
Geue me good wille to serue the ay to queme
Set al my lyf after thyn ordenaunce
Andy able me to mercy/ or thou deme
My lordes dere why I this gpleynyng write
To you/ whom̄ that I loue entierly
Is for to warne you/ as I can endyte
That tyme lost in yougthe folily
Greueth a wight bodely and gostly
I mene hym/ that to vices list entende
Wherfore I pray you lordes specially
Your yougthe in vertue shape ye to dispende
Thynke how bestbene vertue and estate
Ther is a blissed parfyght mariage
Vertue is cause of pes vice of debate
In mānes soble/ for which with ful outrage
Cherisshe ye vertue/ the vices to outrage
Dryue ye away/ late hem haue wonyng

That your folkes lese not the heritage
Whiche god hath agyuen to vertuy lyuyng
Take ye hede also holy folk of poure degre
Thurgh vertue haue they set in grete honour
And euer haue lyued in gret prosperite
Thurgh cherisshyng of vertuous labour
Thynke also, how many agouernour
Called to estate, hath they set ful lowe
Thurgh misusyng of right, and of erroure
Therfore I counceile, vertu, that ye knowe
Thy by your eldres ye may nothyng clayme
As my maister chaucer seith expresse
But tẽperal thing, þ may hurte & mayme
Theme god is stock, of vertuous noblesse
And sythen he is lord of blessednesse
And made vs alle, and for vs alle deyde
Folowe ye hym in vertue with ful besynesse
And of this thing, herkne how it is seyde
The first stok, fader of gentilnesse
What may that claymeth gentil for to be
Must folowe his trace and his wittes dresse
Vertue to folowe, and vices for to flee
For vnto vertue longeth dignyte

And not the veriere/ fauſly dar I deme
Al were he myter crowne or dyademe
This firſte ſtok was ful of righteouſnes
Trewe of his word/ ſobre pyetous and free
Clene of his goſte/ and louely beſynes
Agayn vice of ſlouthe/ in honeſte
And but his eyer loue vertue as did he
He is not gentil though he riche ſeme
Al were he myter crowne or diademe
Vice may wel be to holde richeſſe
But thei may no may/ almen may wel ſee
Sequethe his eyer/ his vertuos nobleſſe
That is appropred vnto no degre
But to the firſt fader in mageſte
That makes hem eyres/ that can hem queme
Al were he crowne myter or diademe
Plante the vpe of yougthe/ in ſuche albyſe
That in vertue/ your growthyng be alway
Loke ay godenes/ be in your exerciſe
That ſhal you myghty make at eche aſay
The feende for to withſtode/ and his affray
Paſſe ye wiſely this perilous pilgremage
Thynke ye on this worthy werke euery day

That shal yeue a parfyt flouridy age
Take ye also hede/how ꝑ thise noble clerkis
Wryten our bookes/of grete sapience
Sayng that seyth is dede With oute Werkis
So is estate Without Intelligence
Of Vertue/therfore With diligence
Shape ye of Vertue/so to plante the vote
That ye come by experyence
To Worship of lyf/and solblis bote
Thynke also that lordship/ne other astate
Without Vertue/may not longe endure
Thynke also/how Vice & Vertue be at debate
Hath bey & shal be Whiles ꝑ World may dure
And euer the Vicyous/by auenture
Is ouerthralde/and thynketh euermore
That god is lordy of Vertue & figure
Of al godenes/therfore folowe ye the lore
My maistez chaucer/god his soule haue
That in his langage Was so curyous
He saide the sáder thet is dedy & ín graue
Sequeth nothing his Vertue With his hous
Unto his sone/therfore laboryous
Be ye to be/bysechyng god of grace

Thurgh whiche/ ye oughte to be vertuous
And graunte you to gete parte of his place
Here may ye see/ that vertuous nobles
Cometh not to you/ by way of auenture
But it cometh thurgh leefful besynes
Of honest lyf/ and not by slogardye
Wherfore my yougthe I rede you edyfye
The house of vertue/ in suche a manere
That in your age/ it kepe you and gye
Fro the tempest of worldly walwes sere
Lo be the noble poete of bretayne
How he telleth in vertuouse sentence
The losse of yougthe/ & vertu gan cõpleyne
Wherfore I pray you do your diligence
For goddis loue/ and goddes reuerence
To enprynte vertue/ in your mynde
That whan ye come in your Iuges presence
Ye be not sette/ as vertules behynde
Ye lordes/ am a manere nolw a dayes
Thaugh one shelde you a vertuous matere
Your sezuent thought/ is of fals alayes
That of that arte/ ye haue no Joye to here
But as a ship that is without ey stere

Ay colvig vp & dolby. Without ...
Wenyng y the calme Wil last yere by yere
Right so fare ye thurgh ygnoraunce
For very shame knowe ye not by reson
That after ay ebbe ther cometh a flode rage
Ly suche wyse Wha yougthe passeth his seson
Cometh crokedy and vnweldy age
And sone after come kalendes of dotage
And yf your yougthe no vertue hath guided
Alle mén Wil saye, fy on your vasselage
Thy hath slouthe, fro worshep you deuyded
Goeve the clerk, as men may rede and see
Saith ín his book of consolacon
What may desireth to haue of the vyñ tree
Plentyuous fruyt, ín the ripyng seson
Muste aye eschewe to do oppression
Vnto the vote, Whiles it is yong & grene
Ye may see, by this conclusion
That yougthe vertueles doth ofte moche tene
Seen ther agayn holy vertuous noblesse
Roted ín yougthe with gode perseueraūce
Dryueth away al vice and wrechidnesse
As slogardy Pyot, and dystaunce

[illegible] Vertue auyseth suffysaunce
[illegible] eyleth couetyse
Thus [illegible] hath Vertue/hath al habondaūce
Of welfare/as fer as reson can deuyse
Take hede of Tullius and of hym hostilly
That fro pouert come to hyghe degre
Thurgh Vertue/rede ye also of Julius
The conquerour/hou poure a man was he
That thurgh his Vertue & his humanyte
Of many a contre/had he gouernaunce
Thus Vertue heyngeth to hye degre
Euery wight that list do hym attendance
Rede here agayn of nero Vertueles
Take hede also of proudy baltazare
They hatedy Vertuys/equyte and dy pees
Loke hold anthiocus fyl fro his chare
That the skyn & the bones al to tare
Loke what myschaūce they had for their vices
Who so wil not by thise signes kenne
I dar wel say/Infortunat or nyce he is
I can say nomore/but hereby may ye see
Hou Vertue/parfyght charite cauhses
And dy vices eyles al prosperyte

The best is to these as I gesse
But to as ye list/I me excuse expresse
I wil be sory/yf that ye me myscheue
Gode conforme you/in lectuous goodnes
So that thurgh necligence/no thyng ye lese

Thus endeth the traytye Whiche Johh
Skogay sent to the lordes and estates of the kynges hous.

Wyth empty honde men may no hawkes lure
Eye yf thou maye/for al is for to selle
Lytyl wit suffyseth With good auenture
And alway as the Wise seweth set thy melle
The heuene to heuens lord/& feend to helle
May to the World pēde/& thou shal streache
And bene thy self be noght/& be a wreache

The goody counceyl of chaucer

Fle ye fro ỳ prees & dwelle with sothfastnes
Suffyse vnto thy good yf it be smal
For hord hath hate & clymyng tikelnes
Prese hath anye & wele is blent ouer al
Sauour nomore than the behoue shal
Rede wel thy self that other folk rede
And trouthe the shal delyue it is no drede

Payne the not eche croked to redresse
In trust of her that tourneth as a balle
Gete reste standith in litil besynesse
Bewar also to spurne agayn an alle
Stryue not as doth a crocke with a walle
Deme thy self that demest others dede
And trouthe ỳ shal deliue it is no drede

That the is sent receyue in buxomnes
The wrastlyng of this world asketh a fall
Here is no home here is but wildernes
Forth pylgrym forth best out of thy stall
Loke vpon high and thank god of all
Weyue thy lust and late thy gost the lede
And trouthe the shal delyuer it is no drede

Balade of the Village Without goodnesse
complayneth to fortune

This Wretchid Warlde ouer mutabill
As Well as Woo/noth pure/ne noth honour
Without ordre or due discrecion
Gouerned is/by fortunes errour
But nathéles the lack of hir fauour
Me may not do me synge/though I dye
Jay tout perdu mon temps et labour
For fynally fortune I defye

Yet is me left the sight of my resoun
To knowe frende fro foo/my thy myrrour
So mocke hath yet thy tornyng vp e doun
Y taughe me/to knowen in an hour
But trewly no force of thy reddour
To hym that ouer hym self hath maystrye
My sufferaunce shal be my socour
For fynally fortune I defye

O fortune thou stedfast champion
Whe myght neuer be thy tormentour
Thou neuer dreddest her oppression

Me by her chere sonde thou no fauour
Thou knelbe the deceyte of her colour
And that her moste Worshyp is for kye
I knolbe her eke a fals dissymylour
For fynally fortune I deffye
Thanswer of fortune to the plémtyf
No may is Wrechid but hiny self it Wene
And he that hath hym self/hath suffysance
Why sayst thou/thenne I any to the so kene
That hast thy self/out of my gouernaunce
Seye thus/grãnt mercy of thy habundãce
That ÿ hast lêt or this thou shalt not striue
What Wooste thou yet/hou I the Wil auãce
And eke thou hast thy beste frendy a lyue

I haue the taught deuysion bytelbene
Frende of effect/and frende of cõtenance
The nedeth not the galle of none hiene
That cureth eyen derke for penance
Nolb seest thou clere ÿ Were ny ygnorance
Yet holt thyn ankex/& yet ÿ maist arryue
The re bounte bereth the keye of my substance
And eke thou hast thy beste frende a lyue

Holde mayne haue I refused to sustene
Syn I haue the sostued in thy plesaunce
Wilt thou therfor make a statute on thy quene
That I shal be ay at thyn ordenaunce
Thou hery art in my regne of Variaunce
Aboute the Whele With other must thou dryue
My love is bett/than Wick is thy greuaunce
Lady eke thou hast thy best frende a lyue

Thanswer to fortune

Thy love I dampne/it is aduersite
My frede mayst thou not reue blynd goddesse
That I thy frendes knowe/I thanke it the
Take hem agayn/lete hem go lye a presse
The nygardes/in kepyng her richesse
Prenostik is thou Wolt her tour assayle
Wyck appetite cometh ay bifore sekenesse
In general this rule may not fayle

Fortune

Thou pyncheste at my mutabilite
For I the lent a drope of my richesse
And now me lyketh/to Withdrawe me
Why sholdest thou my Ryalte oppresse
The see may ebbe and flowe more and lesse

The Bestes hath knyghte to shyne beme & haile
Ryghte so muste I/kythe my beotylnesse
In general this rule may not fayle

The pleyntyf

Lo the yeuoon of the mageste
That alle purueyeth of his righteWisnes
That same thing/foztune clepen ye
Ye blynde bestes ful of leWdnes
The heuene hath propezte of sikernes
This Worldy hath euez restles trauayle
The laste day is ende of myn entrees
In general this rule may not fayle

The nuoye of foztune

Prynces I pray you of your gentylesse
Lete not this man oy me thus crye & pleyne
And I shal quyte you this kesyneSSe
And yf ye list/releue hym of his peyne
Praye ye his best frende of his nobleSSe
That to som bettez estate/he may atteyne

The nuoye of chaucez to Skogan

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

By worde eterne whylom was it shapt
That fro the fyfthe orbe/ in no manere
Ne myghte of teris dowhy escape
But nowe so wepeth venus in hir speere
That with hir teris/ she wil drenche vs here
Alas scogan/ this is for thyn offence
Thou causeste this deluge of pestilence

Hast thou not said in blaspheme of ꝑ goddes
Thurgh pryde or thurgh thy grete rebelesnes
Suche thinges as in ꝑ halle of loue forbode is
That for thy lady/ salle not thy distres
Therfore thou yaf hir vp at mighelmes
Alas scogan of olde folk ne yonge
Was neuer erst scogan blamed for his tonge

abc$^{8}_{\frac{1}{2}}$; 24 leaves (1–24).
all after leaf 24 wanting in this
and the only other known copy
June 5, 1877.